

and bewildered as the examination goes on, is a common sight here. Not only is it a cruel, often an indecent method, but it does not make for getting at the whole truth of a situation or for the punishment of the offender. Where there are women police they make all the preliminary examinations, and they come into court with the children and the women and stand by them through the terrifying ordeal, giving them courage to stick to their story and give their testimony clearly and fearlessly.

The women police have their own office, which is always open for complaints and appeals. The appeals are

often comic, often needless, often sordid, and often tragic. A group of mothers came together to the office in one provincial town to tell of an elderly man who, on the fiction of tea parties, was luring their little girls to his rooms. Women are far less likely to bring even such serious troubles to the men of the force. They do not feel sure of understanding and sympathy, nor of wholehearted efforts at punishing such offenders.

The life of a woman on a local police force in Great Britain is full of variety. Her mind has no chance to become centered on one type of offense. Every sort

of problem comes to her desk—overdue rent, housemaids turned off without pay, shoplifters, lost children, separated households, frightened folk and angry, and those who must be taught in no uncertain terms the rights of others and the reality of law. If the uniform is a sign of safety in the parks, it is because it is a symbol of retribution to those who prey on ignorance and weakness. To the police woman the task is not merely to help this and that individual case, but to develop public opinion and public habit, to build surroundings and circumstances in which life will be more decent, more safe, healthier, and more happy.

Water I'll Have

By DOROTHY BURGESS

Now it's water I'll have to live beside
If it's only a brook through a hollow.
It needn't be deep, nor yet be wide,
But alive for my eyes to follow.

Alive, with a voice that my heart may know
And a tale that my heart may hearken.
Over it swiftly wind will blow
As each day's shadows darken.

And the way of the water and wind will bring
Rest from a word once spoken,
Forgetfulness of a dreary thing,
And an old, old promise broken.

Down to the Sea in Ships

By FLORENCE MARY BENNETT

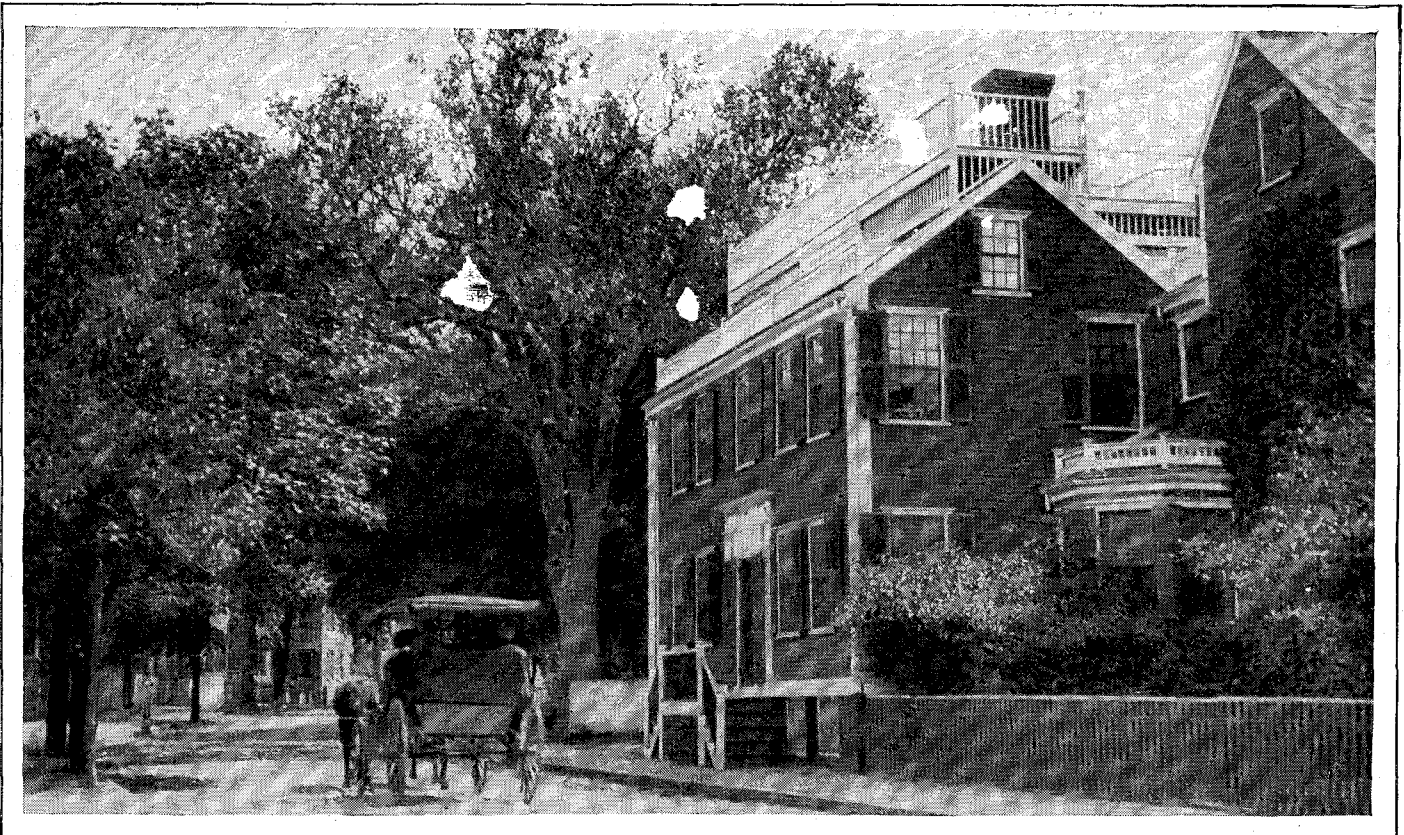
A generation or more ago Nantucket loomed large in American life and in the building of American character. The record of Nantucket is graved deep in her streets and her homes. This is the story of one of the men who helped to mold the spirit of this famous New England town

MY seafaring grandfather, who sailed as master of his ship on many prosperous whaling voyages from the comely harbor of New Bedford, went for the last time in the homely adventurous quest almost at the very moment when war blazed out between South and North. He used to tell of a glimpse of the black hull of the Alabama, ominously upward bound on the watery hillside of the horizon; but he had the luck to escape an encounter. Oddly enough, the chance came for him to see her death struggle with the Kearsarge. For, off the Azores, he had dined on the Union warship, and Captain Winslow, his host, invited him to the duel, promising him a safe spot of vantage on the French coast, whence he might see the event, and safe passage thither and back again to his own vessel. (The tale speaks for Winslow's confidence in the issue.) But the captain of a whaler might not permit himself such an absence from duty. My grandfather's writing-desk, a fine affair made of rosewood, brass-bound and decorous, has in

it now the special insurance papers, taken out at an unusually high rate, against the war. Rather ironically, he missed by a narrow margin in these the date which would have entitled him to a portion of the "Alabama claims." Those who know the well-seasoned stories of my grandfather's birthplace, Nantucket, tell of the handsome Raphael Semmes, who gayly commanded the famous English-built privateer, that he forewent an opportunity to shell Nantucket. "For," said he, "I've had too many good times at balls in that town to admit of my paying them in such a way for past courtesy." As a young officer in the United States Navy, he had often visited the island on tours of lighthouse inspection.

That in the '60's was, indeed, my grandfather's last voyage, but his life stretched out for many happy years thereafter in pleasant retirement at Nantucket, where he was a member of the Pacific Club, a genial band of whalers who met diligently in the building which they had purchased, the Rotch warehouse, an eighteenth-century brick struc-

ture, which once gave domicile to the Custom-House whence two of the "Tea Ships" cleared for London, there to receive that fatal cargo of 1773. Morning, noon, and night, those spiritual scions of Ulysses gathered to tell one another their "Odysseys." "It must be very beguiling conversation," my grandmother would remark when her husband would say on some cold day after their twelve-o'clock dinner: "Well, Mary, my dear, I guess I must be getting down 'long; there'll be quite a number at the Room this afternoon." The captains used to buy their newspapers on 'Change and read them together in the smoky atmosphere of their Room while they sat about the stove, their feet on the iron ring which encircled the sacred fire in a narrower band than that of their chairs. They subscribed individually to different Boston "dailies," and so there might be spicy interchanges of news. Enlivening bits were often repeated at tea time to the family. Most of those men were Democrats, of course, by rearing, sticklers for "free trade and sailors' rights." But



Ewing Galloway

The "Captain's Walk" on the roof of a house in old Nantucket—from which incoming vessels might be sighted

they had all voted for Lincoln, and, I think, most of them abode loyal to their change of politics. And yet—you know, that sort of men did not really tell at home how they voted, that being a gentleman's secret—my grandmother, who came from an ardent Whig household, suspected strongly that my grandfather voted for Grover Cleveland in the memorable campaign against Blaine. And this I can testify—very odd too it was that my grandmother, who was not meek, tolerated such an ever-present outrage to her Whig-Republican susceptibilities!—that throughout my childhood there hung in their sitting-room a large framed engraving of Cleveland's Cabinet. Connected with those readings of the news at the Room there is this merry tale which belongs to the time of the French defeat at Sedan. The elocutionist of the group had the floor and was giving his friends the Third Napoleon's tragic utterance, "*On me coupe.*" His pronunciation of the French may be divined by this remark, made after a suitable silence by one of the listeners: "They must have got the little fella in a pretty tight place if they got him on a coop!"

But, oh, what tales of adventure must have been recounted in that unlovely New England club-room! Curious to contrast the final experience of life which these mariners had in this peaceful town with those blood-quickenings of their prime! My grandfather in his home was tremendously on guard lest he talk of his days at sea. Chiefly he feared

that such narratives might incite his grandsons to follow his calling, which in those latter days was become very rough and dangerous to moral fiber, he believed. Also he shrank with proud disrelish from the stock reputation of a sailor as one good at spinning yarns. He was pre-eminently a lover of truth and a modest man. So one might best characterize him, if one will add to the picture the idea of his genial aspect, demeanor, and speech, of his fine face and robust good health, and will think of him too as a natural commander of men. That last, Mr. William McFee tells us, is a peculiar gift; and he knows whereof he speaks.

Our generation should understand that those master whalemens, whom a roving life, despite its hardships of physical and spiritual privation, had stamped with a lofty character, held a firm grip on self. There was among them an unspoken fidelity to their own *noblesse*. Witness their mute scorn of one who had once sat in their social conclave and who had forfeited the claims of home and manhood to the joys of easy living in the companionship of a "native woman somewhere in the islands." Their delicate tenderness to the *quasi* widow was incomparable. Grim were their locked lips toward an outsider's blundering mention of that man's name.

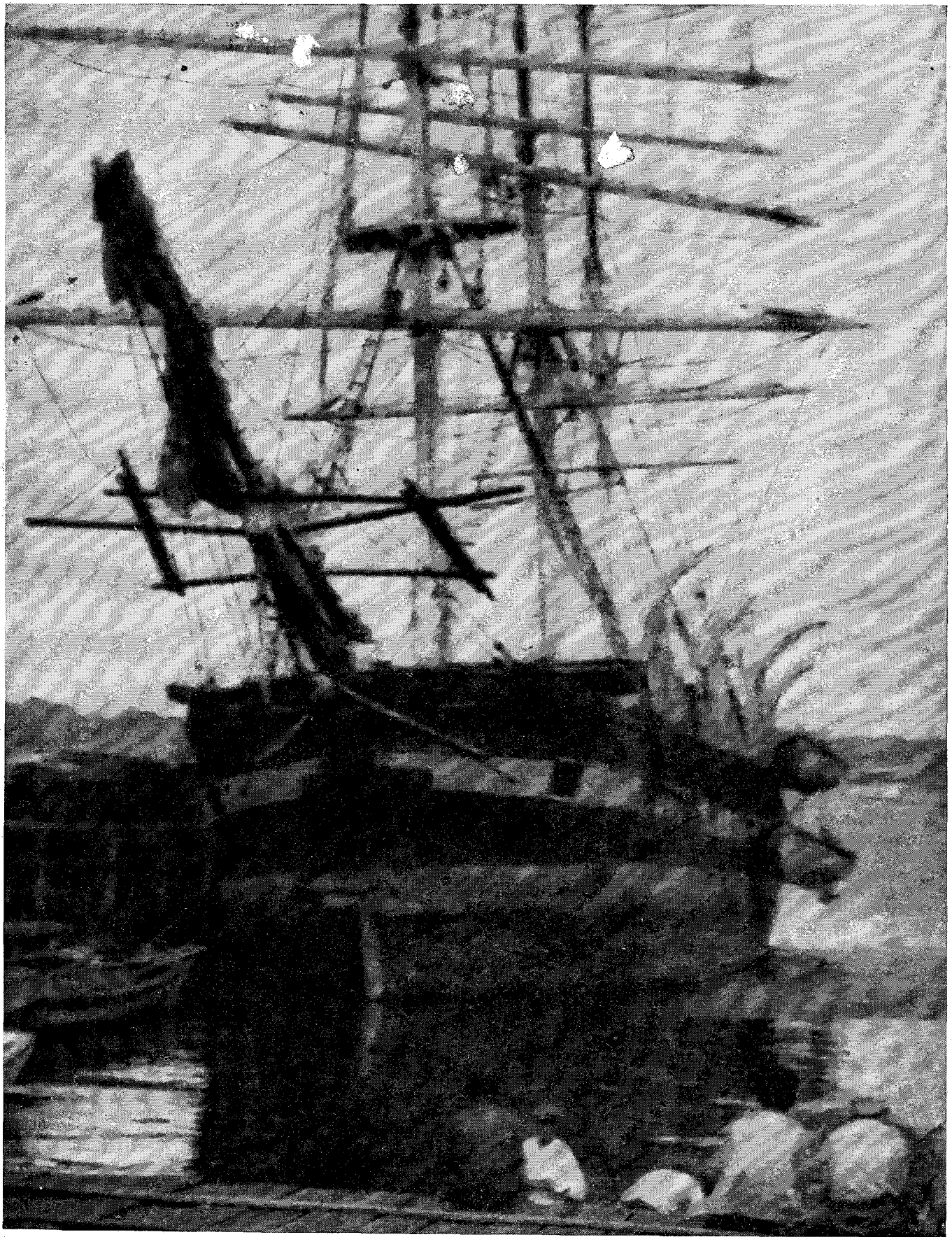
Subscription papers for whatever charity might be the order of the day were always circulated first at the Captains' Room, and never unavailingly. In his days of dwindling fortune my grandfather gave too generously, to be sure, to

every cause that made its appeal to him. "Jack ashore is free with his money," is an old saying. But that does not entirely explain the loose purse-strings at the Room. These men had a reputation to maintain. And—God bless them!—the kind of hearts that they carried in their bosoms will account for that particular kind of reputation.

To confuse such a man as one of these with the "cap'n" of a fishing smack were— But why pursue the thought? The gaping summer resident in search of *local color* and *quaintness* does confuse them day after day and blazons that error far and near. Modern flippancy could not, in any case, savor the lives of these men. So why bemoan the stupid mistake?

"Come, Leesh, I show you!" A brown-eyed lad from the Azores leads my grandfather's little girl—my mother—up the steep garret stairway and points a dramatic index finger toward a durable sea-chest in that upper region. "Look, Leesh! Bimeby Cappy go to sea again and I accompanee. Look, my name! Cappy have it written there: 'Manuel Sanchez; Ship-a Rainbow; Pacific Ocean!'" The breadth of the address is a not ill-chosen gauge for the kind of life which these mariners led. Manuel was a cabin-boy imported for shore duties, such as blacking "Cappy's" boots and carrying parcels which that same august personage had purchased.

Picture the joys of the return from a Cape Horn voyage, one of three years! All the captains who chanced to be on



Photograph by Henry Hoyt Moore

An old whaling ship in "the comely harbor of New Bedford"

This is the Charles W. Morgan, seventy-odd years old, widely known as a whaler and still more widely known as a vessel used in filming a recent motion picture

shore walked to the wharf to meet the home-comer, and this guard of honor escorted him to his house pedestrian-wise. *The cab* was for ladies only. One day two children had been playing together on Steamboat Wharf in a sail loft which belonged to the father of one of these little maidens. The boat from New Bedford had "blown" and was docking. "Come, Lizzie, quick, quick!" One of the girls was hurried by her uncle to a group of sea captains, all known to her except the one in the center, whom they were welcoming. "Well, Lizzie Plaskett, who's this?" was the question. "I don't know," she answered, quite abashed by the stranger's eyes, "unless it's my cousin George Henry Brock, home from sea." "No, child, no!" cried the man, catching her up in his arms. "It's your own father. Run and tell mother that I've come to surprise her."

That was a poignant moment for a father, showing the kind of coin which life wrings from the seaman. The child had been scarcely four years old when he sailed away. "Don't let her forget me." Such was the burden of his letters in absence. "Talk to her about me." His wife had faithfully performed her part, but of course the demand for recognition under those circumstances was unreasonable. My mother used to tell how among her earliest recollections was that of her mother's taking her in her lap and saying, "By and by the pigeon will come flying and say that father is on his way home." The child did not ask how the pigeon had the tidings or how it could impart them. But every pigeon that she encountered she viewed with veneration, believing that each bird of this kind knew always where her father was.

The women at home had to endure those long separations, the care of family, household, and property, and the constant bitter fear of disaster "somewhere." Fancy having random news of the ship whose fortune meant everything to you as being caught in the ice far north in the Pacific, or having been last seen riddled by a gale and scudding off angry Cape Horn! Letters came more or less by chance, as this ship or that fell in with another bound homeward. No telegraph then, except short cables between large cities. The wireless calls were all of heart to heart.

It was fashionable, as well as sensible and sentimental, for the captain about to depart to have his likeness taken singly and also on the same plate with that of wife and child. Those blessed daguerreotypes and ambrotypes! Somehow they reveal the true person rather magically. In early days, before Daguerre's bold enterprise, they used to have portraits painted in oils. The tradition is preserved in Nantucket of one Sally

Gardner who did a thriving trade at this kind of thing. She is said to have been so rushed by business at certain seasons that in times of a lull she painted up a number of torsos, singly and in groups, everything except the heads, male and female, adult and child. The capital finish she added according to order. In some such manner Etruscan mourners are said to have been furnished with their sepulchral statuary.

However, among these whalemen and their kin it was not always a time of leave-taking. As I have hinted, there was also the cheer of arrivals. Fancy the delights of unpacking the fragrant sea-chests, fabrics of cedar and teak and sandalwood! How the treasures dazzled! Lacquered boxes and silks and embroideries from China and Japan, *piña* cloth—rolls of it—from the Philippines, shawls and sashes from India, shells and beads and other queer things from vague "Islands" of the sea, Spanish laces from South America, ingenious "scrimshaw" work—a present for every member of the family, "for all my sisters and all my wife's sisters"! And there would be chests of tea and casks of pickled limes and jars of mangoes and guava jelly and Chinese preserves. Oh, how good it smelled! How good it looked! And father at home to stay a whole year or more!

And what did they do on those long voyages? God love us! How little the women understood of the business that supported them! How meager were the details that satisfied them! Did they fear to arouse unexpectedly some serpent in the paradise which they briefly and at long intervals enjoyed? No. Seafaring was seafaring, like any other business, more or less dangerous, very exacting of patience and courage from all concerned. But that was all. More important to relate to husband the myriad of things that had happened while he was away. And he? He more than gladly forgot the hardship and the glamour and slipped into the sweet domestic ways.

Why, to him a trip by steamer to New Bedford and thence on by rail to Boston was hilarious adventure! Wife and child were driven to the boat in "the hack" with other ladies and children who might be about to voyage. Wife was established, honorably but uncomfortably, in the pilot-house—the master whaleman having a special *entrée* there—or, in prospect of invalidism by *mal de mer*, she might be comfortably deposited in the ladies' cabin. The captain strolled about free, masculine, unencumbered, but shining with the dignity of the family man. When the steamer neared New Bedford, the wild excitement of hailing a cab driver flared up. "Pussy Coffin" was the elect and select Jehu, a stout,

red-faced man. If there were great competition among the travelers, how arduous was the bidding for "Pussy's" favor! Fingers were held up, hats waved, hands flung out. Then the triumphant but nonchalant visit to the cabin. "It's all right, Mary. I've got Pussy." How ignominious to be driven to the Mansion House by any but "Pussy"!

My mother used to tell of one special golden month which she spent at that Mansion House with her father and mother. She must then have been a little over twelve years old, and so details stood out clear in her mind for all time. A ship was building for my grandfather, a beautiful clipper ship, slim and agile-winged. It was a prime joy to the child to go with him to see this ocean creature "on the ways." Ah, the mystery and bustle of that harbor side! The days went by, filled with novel and glittering pleasures. But my grandmother grew sadder and sadder after the first two weeks of the visit were run.

"Oh, Henry, I'm so afraid you'll go some day without a word!" For the wife knew that he was a coward when it came to good-bys, dreading women's tears beyond all things.

"Come, come, Mary, there are days and days of work on her yet. She'll have to be launched first, you know. And then it will be days before we can sail. You'll know fast enough when the time comes."

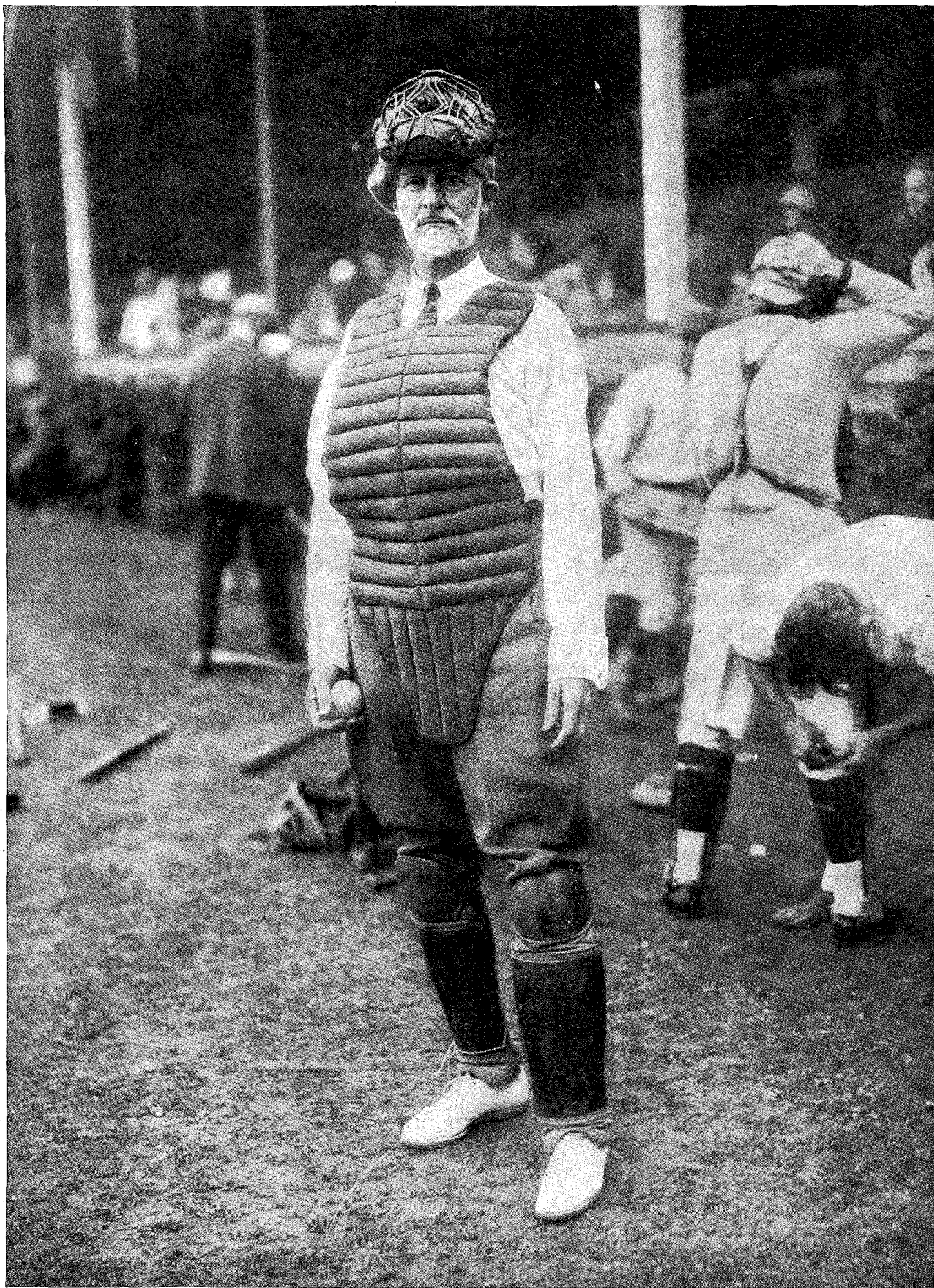
The launching took place, and there were perhaps eight days between that and the memorable morning. My grandfather had gone down to the harbor for a look at his beauty. A note from him was brought to my grandmother, bidding her go up to the cupola of the hotel if she wished to see the ship sail away. "For my pilot has come aboard and we are weighing anchor. Good-by, Mary. God bless you and the child. Write often. Don't cry."

Of course she wept throughout that day. Is it to be wondered that the "child" carried forever in memory that image of the lovely clipper ship sailing on a spring morning from that sweet landlocked harbor?

He returned in safety and in honor from every arduous voyage. The stone that bears his name in Prospect Hill Cemetery on the island of his birth marks no cenotaph, as, alas! do many shafts in that sea-girt place.

Were they of a different breed, that generation? At any rate, I have not seen his like: commanding, firm as the ageless rocks, kindly, liberal, genial. None will err who writes him a Captain, although his commission was but of the old-time New England merchant marine. God send us master mariners again who shall resemble Henry Riddell Plaskett!

Admiral Sims in a New Rôle



International

Admiral Sims, around whose energetic head innumerable controversies have centered, is shown in the picture about to plunge into those dangerous controversies that center around a baseball field. The picture was taken during a field day at Newport